THE PASSING OF MR. and MRS. JOSEPH BRUDER

By Henry Irving Dodge.

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"Big Four" pulled into Beaver Meadows on the Rome-Watertown division, and Joseph Bruder and his wife got down from the passenger coach that was trailing behind six "flats" of rails. Bruder was six feet four and broad, and his wife was five feet and narrow. Bruder carried a huge valise that cost a dollar and had done service, also an ax. Mrs. Bruder wore mitts and a plaintive, piquant smile. In her eyes there was a standing apology for the disparity in their sizes. This seemed to be a sore point with the little woman, for she was ever on the alert for the quizzing glances of strangers, and if one should stand apart and glance at the odd couple he was sure to have his gaze arrested by a plaintive glance from the woman which said as plainly as speech, "Please don't make fun of us."

But the man never bothered his head about what other folks thought. He was a woodchopper, and that's all he knew or cared. Next to his wife he loved his ax, and it used to be his pride that he could put a keen enough edge on it to shave with. He used to lay his cheek fondly against the purple blade and pat it and call it his darling. And the ax seemed to understand him, for it would bark with quick delight when his giant arms swung it aloft and bite the maple and bury its nose to the point where the tempered steel joined the softer stuff.

When Bruder got off the train, he looked around in a sort of inquisitive, defiant way and put his hand clumsily around his wife and drew her shoulder over against his thigh. There was no one at the depot but the agent, a veteran in the business, the tenure of whose position was due to five toes that he had years before contributed to the annual list of accidents on the road. Smith had heard that Bruder was coming to take the place of one of the striking woodchoppers, and it filled him with grave concern. Almost all of his relatives belonged to the strikers, and his sympathies were deeply with them. On the other hand, it fell to his lot to show ostentatious loyalty to the company. Beaver Meadows was the chief "woodin' up" point of the road. For miles the contiguous country yielded nothing from its stubborn soil save stunted beech and knotted maple.

The president of the company that supplied the railroad with wood was Smith's backer. A nod from him would have dislodged that worthy from the comfortable niche that afforded him a comfortable living. So Smith was between the devil and the deep sea. His heart was with the strikers, his interest with the company. That's why his usually placid mind was filled with perturbation when he beheld the lumbering form of Joseph Bruder and the diminutive wife alight from the caboose of Big Four.

Bruder had an arm as long as his wife's tongue and could fell at a blow either kind of jackass, human or brute. Mrs. Bruder was the brains of the outfit. She took charge of the money, when there was any, allowing Joseph only enough for tobacco. Otherwise he was a teetotaler. On the whole, this strange couple was deemed a combination to be avoided. No one ever knew where they came from. On that score Bruder himself was silent, with a persistency that defied all the subtle influences of bucolic diplomacy. Surmise said he was an ex-convict, and as chapter and verse of his past were not forthcoming this comfortable theory crystallized into a very good counterfeit of fact.

When the woodchoppers learned that Joe Bruder was coming to take Cy Selden's job, they knew there would be trouble, for they were a determined lot. There was an understanding, however, a sort of feeling, although no words had been spoken, that somehow Smith would settle matters, and so it was determined that no one from among the strikers should meet Bruder at the depot and attempt by moral or muscular force to turn him back.

Smith knew what was expected of him by his friends and relatives; he also knew that the suspicious eyes of the president were upon him, and hence the delicacy of his position. He hated being "double faced," but he had a very comfortable niche indeed, and times were exceedingly hard in those parts. He reflected with considerable disgust that it was quite unjust that he, who had no personal interest in the matter, should be the one upon whose shoulders the task of adjusting the affair should be thrust.

That explains why Smith was perturbed upon the arrival of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Bruder. It also explains why he alone was at the depot to meet the distinguished pair. It is an axiom that good luck always comes to the lazy. Smith was a lazy man, which accounts for the piece of good luck which came to him on the morning of the arrival of Mr. and Mrs. Bruder.

Bab Armstrong's two-year-old baby boy had died of cholera morbus a few days before, and the sorrowing parents, who were farmers, had put the little creature in a simple pine box and were sending him down the road to be buried in the Armstrong family burying ground at West Camden. The tiny morsel of humanity was at that moment resting in the freightroom of the Beaver Meadows depot.

As Smith limped down the platform toward Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Bruder he looked through the open door of the freightroom and got his inspiration. Then he accosted Bruder.

"Waitin' for Harris' team, ain't yer?"

Bruder looked at his wife, and she said, "Yes."

"Goin' ter work on the job, ain't yer?"

Again Bruder looked at his wife, and again she said, "Yes."

"Well, I'm right glad ter see yer," said the unconscionable diplomat effusively. "I tell yer, we've been havin' great goin's on aroun' here."

Again Bruder looked at his wife, and again she said "Yes" softly and pressed a little closer under the shelter of his mighty thigh.

"Between you and me," continued the wily Smith, "these woodchoppers—I mean the Beaver Meadow fellers," he hastened to explain as a slight contraction of Bruder's forehead warned him that any slur upon the craft would not be welcome—"don't know when they're well off."

He paused, and Bruder looked at his wife, but she remained silent.

"Of course I ain't got nothin' against these men here, and it may not sound well comin' from me, me bein' in the employ of this corporation, as ain't supposed ter show no partiality, but seems ter me these men is a little unreasonable. Yer see," he went on as neither Bruder nor his wife spoke, "times have been pretty hard around here, with crops failin' and a good deal of sickness in the neighborhood, and I think these men ought to been glad to get steady employment. Of course they're really in the power of the company, cos they ain't got no money, and the officers knows it, and so they cuts down their wages. Now, some of 'em finds out that the big fellers is makin' dead loads of money, and so they makes a big kick and goes on strike. So the company jest shuts down, and I heard the superintendent say as that they was goin' to start a process of starvation. Of course I don't want that to go no further."

"Did the company treat the men fair?" asked Mrs. Bruder.

"Of course it did," said Smith quickly. "Ain't they got a right to pay their money out any way they like? Couldn't these men pick up and leave if they didn't like it?"

"Most of these men has their own homes, hasn't they?" asked Mrs. Bruder.

"Yes, they has," said Smith, "but if they keeps on this way they won't have no one left in their homes." Then he added as he walked toward the office: "Ye'd better come in and sit down. Harris' team may not be here for an hour yet. They generally comes ter meet the down train. 'Big Four' is waitin' here fer it ter pass."

He adroitly halted the couple in front of the open door of the freightroom, and instantly the maternal eye of Mrs. Bruder caught the little coffin.

"Whose is that?" she asked.

"That's Cy Selden's baby," said Smith, lying heroically.

Mrs. Bruder looked at her husband, then back to Smith. "What ailed it?" she asked. "Cholera morbus?"

Smith drew closer and lowered his voice a bit. "That's what they give out," he said, "but between you and me it didn't have enough ter eat."

Just then Smith found sudden business in the ticket office, where he remained until he heard the booming of the down train, when he went out on to the platform to pass up the mails. He lingered for a moment and watched "Big Four" pull out from the siding; then he looked all around. There was no one in sight.

"How'd yer do it, Bill?" asked Jack Lundy that night, while a half dozen strikers smoked and listened.

"I didn't do nothin', and I don't know nothin'," snapped Smith. "They come, and they've gone, ain't they?" And then to modify the rebuke the good soul continued in a tone that smacked suspiciously of tenderness as he puffed his pipe reflectively in the darkness: "Strange: I used to know those folks years ago—didn't know it till terday—they was a good deal younger then—just married. I guess—they were pretty poor—had a little baby that died—I don't know, but folks aroun' there said the little thing died—cos it didn't—get—enough—ter eat."

It Was a Dream.

When a certain divine was a younger man and chaplain at the University of Pennsylvania, like other ministers who filled that position he was much troubled over the apparent lack of attention from the students during the morning exercises in the chapel.

The exercises hardly ever continued for more than fifteen minutes. Some of the students were in the habit of taking their books into the chapel and studying there during the services to make up for their tardiness of the night before in not preparing their lessons.

The young chaplain was desirous of breaking up the habit, so one morning preceding his customary five minutes' address he spoke as follows:

"Young gentlemen, last night I dreamed I was here in the chapel addressing you. And as I spoke I saw every eye fixed upon me, every man attentive, while in all the chapel there was not a book opened, and then I knew it was a dream."

German Scotch.

"A good story comes from Sydney," says the London Globe, "where letters have been received from two American business firms asking whether communications to Australian merchants should be written in English or 'in the language of the country.'

"It recalls an astonishing trade circular received a short time ago by a business firm in Glasgow from a German manufacturer, also written in what his versatile clerk had apparently taken for the language of the country. It was in the best 'kailyard' style and spoke of a 'muckle consignment o' chemicals.'"

SOLAR MOTION.

The Little We Know About Where the Sun is Going.

Can we find out anything about the motions of our solar system? The old astronomer, before the invention of spectroscopic methods, could attack the problem only by a consideration of certain stellar motions. It has been found that these motions are not altogether casual in character, as we should expect, but there is a tendency to a grouping of the motions—an arrangement other than fortuitous. It appears that the individual stars forming the so called constellations on the sky are slowly closing up near a certain point of the heavens and as slowly opening out near a point diametrically opposite. This is just what we should expect if the solar system is approaching the point where the stars are opening out. The phenomenon has been compared to what we see when a regiment of soldiers marches toward us. At first there is visible a confused mass of men only, but as distance diminishes the ranks open out until each individual becomes at last plainly visible.

In this way it has been possible to determine approximately the position on the sky of the "apex" of solar motion, or that point toward which our solar system is at present traveling. It is in the constellation Hercules. We are obliged to assume that our path is for the moment a straight line. But we mean that "moment" which began when James Bradley commenced the first star catalogue of modern precision, about 1750, and which will end long after present generations of men have passed away. So mighty is the orbit in question that many centuries must come and go as moments before we can hope to detect the orbit's curvature.

We are like travelers in the famous "corkscrew" tunnel of the St. Gothard railway. Trains enter on a low level and after going around a huge curve cut in the mountain emerge from the tunnel again on a higher level and at a point almost directly above the entrance. Passengers while in the dark tunnel often amuse themselves by watching the needle of a pocket compass, which makes a complete revolution during the passage. But without the compass they could not know whether the train was moving on a straight or curved track, and so we passengers of the solar system, too, cannot know by observation whether our great cosmic track is straight or curved until, like the compass, the astronomer's instruments shall tell us the truth.—Harold Jacoby, Ph. D., in Harper's Weekly.

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THE MOST REFRESHING AND DELIGHTFUL PERFUME FOR THE HANDKERCHIEF, TOILET AND BATH.

January 13, 1904.

ESTATE OF MARTHA AKERS, DEceased.

Pursuant to the order of JOSEPH W. ELLOR, Surrogate of the County of Essex, this day made, on the application of the undersigned executor of said deceased, notice is hereby given to the creditors of said deceased to exhibit to the subscriber under oath or affirmation their claims and demands against the estate of said deceased within nine months from this date, or they will be forever barred from prosecuting or recovering the same against the subscriber.

HALSEY M. BARRETT.

Pains in the Back

Are symptoms of a weak, torpid or stagnant condition of the kidneys or liver, and are a warning it is extremely hazardous to neglect, so important is a healthy action of these organs.

They are commonly attended by loss of energy, lack of courage, and sometimes by gloomy foreboding and despondency.

"I had pains in my back, could not sleep and when I got up in the morning felt worse than the night before. I began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla and now I can sleep and get up feeling rested and able to do my work. I attribute my cure entirely to Hood's Sarsaparilla." MRS. J. N. PERRY, care H. S. Copeland, Pike Road, Ala.

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Cure kidney and liver troubles, relieve the back, and build up the whole system.

PROPOSALS FOR STREET IMPROVEMENTS.

Sealed Proposals will be received by the Town Council of the Town of Bloomfield, at the office of the Town Clerk of said town, until Monday, March 7, 1904, at 8 P. M., for the grading of Olive Street from the western side of Hinrichs Place westerly to the town line.

Grading will be paid for by the cubic yard measured in excavation without classification, and must be placed where directed by the engineer in charge. No over haul will be allowed.

Profiles, plans and specifications may be seen at the office of the Town Engineer.

The prices bid must include the cost of all material and labor used in carrying out and completing the entire work.

Each bid must be accompanied by a certified check for $100, drawn to the order of the Town of Bloomfield as a guarantee of good faith of the bidder.

The Town Council reserves the right to reject any or all bids.

Each proposal must be sealed and indorsed Olive Street Improvement, and addressed to Wm. L. Johnson, Town Clerk.

By order of the Town Council,
WM. L. JOHNSON,
Town Clerk.

NOTICE.

NOTICE TO OBJECTORS:

The map and report of the Board of Assessors of the assessment fixed by them for building and constructing a sewer in Grove Street in the town of Bloomfield, in the County of Essex and State of New Jersey, have been filed in the Town Clerk's office, and are now open to public inspection.

Objections in writing to said report, map and assessment shall be filed with the Town Clerk on or before Monday evening, March 7, 1904, at eight o'clock, at which time the Town Council will meet in the Council Chamber in the Bloomfield National Bank Building at Bloomfield, in the County of Essex and State of New Jersey, to consider such objections.

Dated, BLOOMFIELD, N. J., February 2, 1904.
WM. L. JOHNSON,
Town Clerk.

[Circuit A—228.]

SHERIFF'S SALE.—Essex Common Pleas Court. Frederick F. Lowenfels vs Charles A Harrington. Fi. fa.

By virtue of the above stated writ of fieri facias, to me directed, I shall expose for sale by public vendue, at the Court House, in Newark, on Tuesday, the eighth day of March next, at two o'clock P. M., all that tract or parcel of land and premises situate, lying and being in the township of Bloomfield, Essex County, New Jersey:

Beginning at the southwesterly corner of Glenwood and Linden avenues; thence running (1) along the southerly line of said Linden avenue north 69 degrees 30 minutes west 58 feet; thence (2) south 20 degrees 30 minutes west 100 feet; thence (3) south 69 degrees 30 minutes east 27 feet to said Glenwood avenue; thence along Glenwood avenue north 37 degrees 15 minutes east 105 feet to the place of beginning.

Newark, N. J., February 1, 1904.
WILLIAM C. NICOLL, Sheriff.
Edwin A. Rayner, Att'y. ($7.50)

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We have lately secured the agency for this city and vicinity of a preparation which is reliable and certain in clearing away troubles of the skin. Many forms of skin affections which have been considered incurable are conquered by this medicament as easily as a cough is stopped by the proper soothing and healing influences. This preparation is now in use among skin specialists, and many large hospitals have adopted it for eczema and kindred cases. It stands among the most useful medical agents now known.

We have evidence of its work to show which will interest any sufferer. Call and investigate same. Since we have been handling the remedy—known as D. D. D. —its worth proves so effective we guarantee its efficacy. In all cases of skin affection we will refund the price of a bottle $1, if the sufferer does not consider it literally a Godsend after trying. It is curing the worst kind of cases every day. It seems a pity any one should suffer the torture of skin troubles when so dependable a curative agent can be had so cheaply.

W. W. KEYLER, DRUGGIST AND CHEMIST, Bloomfield Centre, Bloomfield.

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Mail Orders Filled for Everything. Goods Delivered Free.

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Books Added to the Jarvie Memorial Library During January, 1904.

	FICTION		
Barnes, James	Princetonian	B261p	
Barr, Robert	Woman intervenes.	B268W	
Benson, E. F.	Relentless city.	B475r	
Castle, Agnes and Egerton	Incomparable Bellairs.	C353i	
Cholmondeley, Mary	Red pottage.	C547r	
Crockett, S. R.	Cinderella.	C938c	
Long, J. L.	Sixty Jane.	L848s	
Lloyd, J. U.	Red head.	L793r	
Miller, A. D.	Calderon's prisoner.	M647c	
Nason, F. L.	Blue goose.	N261b	
Nesbit, E.	Red house.	N459r	
Rives, Amelia	Brother to dragons and other old time tales.	R626b	
Sherwood, Margaret	Daphne.	S554d	
Spearman, F. H.	Daughter of a magnate.	S741d	
Twain, Mark, pseud	Stolen white elephant and other tales.	T969s	
Waltz, Mrs. E. (C.)	Pa Gladden.	W241p	
	PSYCHOLOGY AND RELIGION		
Burton, E. D. & Mathews, S.	Constructive studies in the life of Christ.	232	B97
	Principles and ideals for the Sunday-school.	268	B97
James, William	Talks to teachers on psychology.	150	J28
Mead, G. W.	Modern methods in Sunday-school work.	268	M47
	LITERATURE.		
Crothers, S. M.	Gentle reader.	814	C95
Homer.	Iliad; in English verse by J. H. Dart.	883	H76d
Maeterlinck, Maurice	Monna Vanna.	842	M18
	HISTORY		
Kinglake, A. W.	Invasion of the Crimea. 5v.	947.07	K52
Mommsen, Theodor	Provinces of the Roman empire. 2v.	937	M73p
Patton, A. St. G.	Modern history.	940.5	P32
Rawlinson, George	Ancient history.	930	R25
Stokes, G. T.	Mediaeval history.	940.1	S87
	DESCRIPTION AND TRAVEL.		
Brigham, A. P.	Geographic influences in American history.	917.3	B85
Beveridge, A. J.	Russian advance.	915.7	B57
Brown, A. J.	New era in the Philippines.	919.14	B87
Cox, S. S.	Isles of the Princes.	914.99	C87
	BIOGRAPHY.		
Beers, H. A.	Nathaniel Parker Willis.	92	W73b
Birrell, Augustine	William Hazlitt.	92	H43b
Burton, Richard	Literary leaders of America.	928	B97
Chesterton, G. K.	Robert Browning.	92	B885c
	Varied types.	920	C52
Creegan, C. C.	Pioneer missionaries of the church.	922	C91p
Dobson, Austin	Samuel Richardson.	92	R52d
Frothingham, O. B.	George Ripley.	92	R58f
Gosse, Edmund	Jeremy Taylor.	92	T24g
Harrison, Frederick	John Ruskin.	92	R95h
Higginson, T. W.	John Greenleaf Whittier.	92	W62h
Lyall, Sir Alfred	Tennyson.	92	T31l
Moore, Thomas	Life of Lord Byron. 6v.	92	B99m
Paul, H. W.	Matthew Arnold.	92	A757p
Trent, W. P.	William Gilmore Simms.	92	S59t
	MISCELLANEOUS.		
Beers, H. A.	Ways of Yale.	[illegible]	B41
Chambers, William, ed.	Chambers miscellany. 10v.	[illegible]	C44
Cozzens, F. S. and others	Yachts and yachting.	[illegible]	C88
Hull, Edward	Geological history.	[illegible]	H91
Jameson, Mrs. A. B. (M.)	Characteristics of women.	[illegible]	J31
Lovett, Mrs. Eva	Making of a girl.	[illegible]	L91
Reed, Sir E. J. & Simpson, E.	Modern ships of war.	[illegible]	R32
Rowton, Frederic	How to conduct a debate.	[illegible]	R88
Zogbaum, R. F.	Horse, foot and dragoons.	[illegible]	Z85
	JUVENILE FICTION		
Leonard, M. F.	Pleasant street partnership.	jL58p	
Munroe, Kirk	Canoemates.	jM968ca	
	Fur seal's tooth.	jM968fu	
Saunders, Marshall	Story of the Gravelys.	jS257s	
	JUVENILE NON-FICTION.		
Pratt, M. L.	Stories of colonial children.	j973.2	P91
Webster, Daniel	Daniel Webster for young Americans.	j815	W37

Announcement.

JOHN RASSBACH & SON, though partially burned out, are prepared to fill all orders entrusted to them with their usual promptness, both at Store, Glenwood Avenue, Bloomfield, and at Greenhouses, Maolis Avenue, Glen Ridge.

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